

THE DICKENSIAN

A Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and Monthly Record of the Dickens Fellowship

VOL. VIII.

NOVEMBER, 1912.

No. 11

WHEN FOUND—

WE referred in our last issue to a new book on *Edwin Drood*, by Mr. J. Cuming Walters, and are now able to give further particulars regarding it. It will comprise in a single volume the whole history, the mystery, and the solutions of Dickens's half-told tale in a permanent and definitive form and will be divided into three parts. The first giving a full statement of the mere facts regarding the story; the second the story itself; and the third will set out all the arguments that have been advanced regarding the mystery, and review the whole literature on the subject, from Proctor's "Watched by the Dead" to Sir William Robertson Nicoll's latest contribution to the subject, which, by the way, we hope to review in our next issue.

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The *Strand Magazine* for October, in a contributed article on reporters and shorthand writing, treats us to a new portrait of Dickens seventy-seven years ago, when, at the age of twenty-three, he was reporting Lord John Russell in front of the hustings at the South Devon election at Exeter. Dickens is given as standing up immediately below Russell, and having no other rest for his note book in which he is writing, than his other hand; and, as recorded in Dickens's speech at the Press Fund dinner in London, in May 1865, two colleagues are holding up a handkerchief to shelter his book from the pelting rain. No one else is shown in front of the hustings—no other reporters, no great congregation of electors, no fighting and disorderly vagabonds—all have been cleared away or set back to permit apparently of this historic sketch of Dickens, and this is what is boomed upon us after a lapse of three-quarters of a century!

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Let us see, however, what a press historian who was there seventy-seven years ago says. The late Mr. William Hunt, then a young journalist of Honiton, near Exeter, and afterwards of Plymouth and Hull, was present at Exeter on the day in question, and in 1887, two years before his death, he published reminiscences of newspaper life over half a century, and he says the reporters had a table provided below the hustings, and young Hunt sat looking up, and studied the features of Lord Russell. At the Press Fund dinner, at which Dickens presided, the novelist said the handkerchief was held over him like a canopy in an ecclesiastical procession. Now Dickens was always particular as to his words, and as a canopy is an exalted covering above the head, he would mean what he said, and when Dickens sat down the

handkerchief would easily be held in canopy. The *Strand* picture gives the handkerchief about on the level of Dickens's nose.

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Worst of all, the artist has shown Dickens at this age of twenty-three bewhiskered all round his face, whereas all hitherto known portraits show him for years later, through the *Pickwick* and other days, as still very youthful, and clean-faced, so far as any whiskers are concerned, and very interesting and smart in appearance generally. The picture is as unlike Dickens was at that time as could well be imagined.

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America is fast becoming the home for all the Dickens rarities. Among the many fine collections in that country, that of the late Harry Elkins Widener, who was one of the victims of the lost *Titanic*, would take a prominent place. In it will be found the presentation copy from Dickens to Ainsworth of the first *Pickwick Papers*, 1837, besides what is probably the scarcest of all Dickens's first editions, i.e., "The Strange Gentleman," a "Comic Burletta" first performed at the St. James' Theatre, Thursday, September 29th, 1836, and published by Chapman and Hall in 1837. H. K. Browne engraved a frontispiece for the play, but it is doubtful if half a dozen impressions of it have survived. Among the Dickensiana are the original drawings by George Cruikshank for *Oliver Twist*, including the one upon which the artist based his claim to the authorship of the novel. In the Widener copy of the first *Christmas Carol* the last two lines of the book, "And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless us every one! Charles Dickens, Twentieth May, 1846," is written in the author's autograph.

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The death of Professor Skeat last month reminds us that he was one of those who entered for the famous examination paper in *Pickwick*, set by C. S. Calverley, at Cambridge. Only two of the three were left in at the last, Walter Besant and the Professor. The former took the first prize, and the latter the second.

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Each guest at the Conference dinner at Frascati's, on October 5th, was presented with a booklet entitled, "The Dickens Fellowship: being a few notes on its history and work," written by Mr. A. E. Brookes Cross. It was issued as a Centenary Souvenir, and reviews the Fellowship's work during the ten years of its existence. It is illustrated with numerous portraits and other illustrations, and should find a place in every Dickens lover's library. Copies may be had from the Secretary, 33 Craven Street, Strand, W.C., post free for sevenpence. As the issue is limited, applications should be made at once.

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The group of delegates to the Dickens Fellowship Conference reproduced as a frontispiece to this number, is from a photograph taken by Mr. T. W. Tyrrell. Copies of the photograph may be had from the Secretary, 33 Craven Street, Strand, W.C., on receipt of one shilling.

THE EDITOR.

MRS. KATE PERUGINI

THE FELLOWSHIP'S NEW PRESIDENT

NO more appropriate choice could possibly be made to fill the post of President to the Dickens Fellowship in this the centenary year of Charles Dickens's birth than that of Mrs. Kate Perugini, the only surviving daughter of the novelist.

Throughout the whole history of the Society Mrs. Perugini has shown the keenest interest in its work. She has always lent her name and influence to further its objects, and on many an occasion has taken part in the meetings in London by delivering charming speeches. Readers of *The Dickensian* need not to be reminded of those occasions when she has actively assisted in the work then in hand. If that work be in the cause of charity she is all the more readily there. If it be a bazaar, children's dinner, or some other function on foot for attempting to give pleasure and happiness to others, first her advice and then her presence can be relied upon. Nothing is too much trouble to her, and those who were responsible for the Boys' School Branch of the Fellowship at Ealing, know how valuable her advice and presence were to the success of that undertaking.

Whatever the function at which she is present, Mrs. Perugini is a host in herself, and her natural grace and charm endear her to everybody. She claims to be but a unit among the thousands

who do homage to the memory and honour of her illustrious father for the same reasons that others are units; but by virtue of her relation to him we seek to honour, and her own magnetic personality, the value of her sincere interest in the Fellowship is enhanced beyond measure.

The Fellowship has a great asset in the support and interest given it by the surviving members of the Dickens family, for it is a strong and intimate personal link between its members and the great writer, both unique and inestimable. With Mr. Henry F. Dickens, K.C. as Life President, and his sister, Mrs. Perugini as President, the year just beginning should prove even more prosperous and successful than any that have gone before.

Mrs. Perugini is no friend to publicity in the press, but as is customary in our pages when the annual President is elected, a few biographical



MRS. PERUGINI

notes must be set down; and, although the facts can be gathered by anyone who seeks them, for the purposes of record we append them here.

Mrs. Perugini was the second daughter and third child of Charles Dickens, and was born at 48 Doughty Street, London, on October 29th, 1839, and was christened Katharine Elizabeth Macready Dickens, the third name after her father's great friend, William Charles Macready, who acted as godfather to the novelist's daughter. The famous actor was very proud of the honour conferred upon him, and refers to it more than once in his diaries.

Mrs. Perugini is also very proud of her relationship to so great an actor, and so valued and good a friend of her father's, but she appears to have had always an objection to long names, and gradually dropped the grand sounding "Katharine Elizabeth Macready," and was called Kate by her acquaintances, Katey by her father and mother, and Kitty by her brothers, sister, and her aunt, Miss Georgina Hogarth; and, as she grew older, this last homely abbreviation seems to have been the one most universally adopted by her friends, as it is, by the many young people who now call her "Aunt Kitty."

In 1855, when Planché's gorgeous fairy extravaganza entitled "Fortunio and the Seven Gifted Servants," was acted at Tavistock House, the humorous bill of the play announced the "Engagement of Miss Kate, who declined the munificent offers of the management last season." Later in the year she also played Rosina in "Mr. Nightingale's Diary," and we believe frequently acted in other performances after.

In the summer of 1860, Kate Dickens was married to Charles Allston Collins, brother of Wilkie Collins, and a painter by profession, and later on the author of a book called "A Cruise Upon Wheels," and many literary contributions to *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*. After Mr. Collins's death, his widow became Mrs. Perugini, wife of Mr. C. E. Perugini, an artist, well known to the visitors at "Burlington House," "The New Gallery," and all provincial Art Galleries.

Mrs. Perugini was herself devoted to drawing and painting from her earliest youth, and began her art studies when quite a girl at the Bedford College, London, afterwards exhibiting at the London Galleries many portraits of children and young people. She has written various articles upon her father from time to time, and some verses which have appeared under the management of Mr. Charles Morley of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, and she compiled a book of excerpts from her father's works, entitled "The Comedy of Charles Dickens." "The Dickens Birthday Book," arranged by her elder sister, was illustrated by Mrs. Perugini, who has numbered amongst her best friends many of the famous men and women in art and literature from the Mid-Victorian Era to the present time, and if only she would write her reminiscences what an entertaining book it would be.

Mr. and Mrs. Perugini live in a charming house in Kensington, full of beautiful pictures and books, and lucky the person who can find an excuse to call—even on Fellowship business—and enjoy one of those happy and informal chats, which she says, she is so glad to have with all those who are her father's friends.

B. W. M.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP SEVENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE AND DINNER

THE CONFERENCE

THE Seventh Annual Movable Conference of the Dickens Fellowship was held in Clifford's Inn Hall, London, on October 5th. In the absence of Sir Luke Fildes, R.A., President, who was in Italy, the Chair was occupied by Mr. B. W. Matz, Chairman of the Council. The following Branches were represented by delegates:—Brixton, West London, Forest Gate, Birmingham, Brighton, Chesterfield, Gloucester, Hull, Lancaster, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, and Southend, and Headquarters by members from Chiswick, Wembley, Reading, Hatfield, and London. Bristol, Manchester and Swadlincote were represented by proxy.

The Annual Report and Balance Sheet were duly adopted and certain minor alterations were made in the rules. A lengthy discussion took place as to the wisdom of making it compulsory that admission to membership to the Fellowship should be possible on the payment of one shilling. It was agreed that no definite action be taken until Branches have had opportunity to thoroughly consider the matter, and the question was held over to next Conference. Rule XIV., as revised by the Council was passed with amendments, one of which changes the date of future Annual Conferences to the last week in May, from the first in October. Copies of the rules with alterations may be had from secretaries of Branches or from 33 Craven Street, London.

Mrs. Perugini was unanimously elected President for 1912-13; forty-six Vice-Presidents were re-elected, whilst the vacancies created by the death of Mr. Alfred Tennyson Dickens, Sir L. Alma Tadema, O.M., Mr. H. Snowden Ward, and the election of Mrs. Perugini as President, were filled by the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Rosebery, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, Mr. William de Morgan and Miss Mary Angela Dickens. The following other officers were re-elected:—Mr. Walter Dexter, Hon. Treasurer; Mr. E. P. Frith, Hon. Auditor; Mr. Wm. Miller, Hon. Librarian; and Mr. B. W. Matz, Editor of *The Dickensian*.

The following ladies and gentlemen were elected as the Council:—Mrs. Edson, Miss Sherlock, Messrs. E. H. Burden, A. E. B. Cross, G. W. Davis, A. W. Edwards, F. T. Harry, E. P. Haslam, A. S. Hearn, T. W. Hill, F. W. T. Lange, Wm. Miles, S. J. Parker, H. Roberts, and W. Sowray.

Invitations for holding the next conference were received from Winnipeg, Lancaster and Hull. A ballot resulted in Hull's invitation being accepted.

THE DINNER

In the evening a Dinner was held in the Alexandra Rooms, Restaurant Frascati, at which Mr. G. K. Chesterton presided. Close upon two hundred members and friends attended, amongst whom were:—

Alderman Sir William P. Treloar, Colonel Sir William H. Dunn, Mrs. Chesterton, Miss Treloar, Miss Dunn, Mrs. Kate Perugini, Miss Kathleen Dickens, Miss Violet Dickens, Mr. Tom Gallon, Miss Nellie Tom Gallon, Mr. Francesco Berger, Miss Berger, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Crotch, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Waugh, Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Matz, Mr. Alfred Ipsen, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Hearn, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Brookes Cross, Mr. G. W. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. S. Marriott, Mr. and Mrs. W. Walter Dexter, Mr. Frank Staff, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Yoxall, Mr. Edwin Pugh, Mr. Munro Orr, Mr. and Mrs. William Miles, Mr. Frank Speaight, Mr. and Mrs. F. Bacon, Mr. E. P. Frith, Mrs. E. H. Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Bagnall, and Mrs. T. Cann Hughes.

The whole function was a brilliant success in every way. Mrs. Perugini and Mr. Chesterton received the guests, each of whom was presented with a centenary souvenir of the Fellowship's history from 1902-12, fully illustrated throughout. The dinner was of Frascati's best, and the arrangements for the comfort of the guests and their entertainment gave the greatest satisfaction.

Throughout the evening Mr. Chesterton was in his most happy and original vein. From the toast of "The King" to his response to the vote of thanks to the Chairman he was as unconventional as his most exacting admirers could have desired. In his speech to the chief toast of the evening he said :—

"The 'Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens' was a toast that no one could adequately propose. The expression 'immortal memory' was rather an understatement of his glory. There were a great many writers whom mankind would never forget, but there were very few like Dickens, whom we perpetually remember. He was the one great author who had written in English whom people could not manage to forget. People were almost tumbling over Dickens if they thought about any subject whatever in modern England. Every man as regards Dickens was a haunted man. He could not get away from him. Dickens surrounded mankind with a mythology. He turned the world into an extraordinary world. That was the greatness of Dickens, and that was why he would remain as the one great writer of the nineteenth century. He had created a universe of men all around us. He created gods and ghosts and created a world in which people expected things to happen as they did in Dickens's novels. He foreshadowed the struggle of the present day. If they went out into the street they were reminded that Dickens was the really living principle that applied to the modern world. To take one example, Dickens hated oppression. He hated and denounced it whether done by officials or private capitalists. What he hated was the power of one man over another to such an extent as to oppress him. After Dickens's time arrived Socialism and Individualism, and the more they looked at modern politics and modern affairs, the more they would see that the Dickens hero and the Dickens villain were coming into conflict. Charles Dickens had some sort of instinct as to the way this England of ours was going, and the more people read him the more they would know of what was going to happen the next morning. The anti-Dickensians and the Dickensians were coming into conflict all along the line. What we were celebrating to-night, therefore, was not so much an Immortal Memory. It was a Resurrection from the Dead."

The toast of the Dickens Fellowship was proposed by Mr. Walter Crotch who said:—

“I have been reflecting and moralising as I sat here this evening at the almost dangerous potency of the casual phrase. When just over ten years ago, when those of us who were then conducting ‘Household Words’ were being pursued with requests to ‘tell us more of the master,’ and with injunctions to ‘apply his message to the problems of our time,’ I uttered that passing phrase, ‘Why not a Dickens Fellowship?’ I scarcely believed that it would have developed so enormously and spread its activities so far. It is true that in our moments of romanticism we dreamed of a great fellowship, which should link up cities and towns and villages and hamlets of the land. But we dared not then believe it would come to pass so rapidly. This splendid gathering to-night, after your Parliamentary labours of the day, is the best and most conclusive proof that the dream has become the reality; that the fact has more than justified the idea. That result has been largely due to the indefatigable energies of the Editor of *The Dickensian*, Mr. B. W. Matz.

Year by year the Fellowship has won for itself fresh progress, new adherents and increasing victories. It must continue to march forward, and doubtless this year under the leadership and guidance of our charming Lady President, Mrs. Perugini, it will achieve even greater triumphs. But, ladies and gentlemen, we must not allow this splendid organisation of Dickens lovers to develop into that which Dickens himself would most have abhorred, namely, a Mutual Admiration Society. Love for the Master we all have; admiration for his works we all possess; but are we proving our loyalty to his memory by delivering his message to-day? Your Chairman, to-night, has reminded us that we must not eschew politics, but I want to remind you that the Fellowship had its origin and inspiration in the belief of a few of us, that in all essentials Dickens was a modern; that for a world in which social ills still existed, his robust commonsense as well as his passionate pity for the poor and the weak, was still necessary to be promulgated. It was a cardinal article of the faith of the founders of the Fellowship that we should spread the social teachings of the master. Are we not inclined to forget, to some extent, this aspect of our work and to regard indifferently this our pledge and bond? Remember there are still little children labouring under such conditions of employment early in the morning and late at night, that they fall exhaustedly asleep during their school hours. It is still possible to find in our midst piteous records of child drudgery, which had he been with us to-day would have evoked the fierce scorn and unsparing indignation of the Master. There are still horrible inhumanities in the administration of the Poor Law—improved as it has become. There are still senseless barbarities in our Prison system, and ladies and gentlemen remember there are still men, women and children living in ‘homes that consume them like graves.’ It may be that you do not care to descend into the arena of politics. I do not ask you to do so. What I do contend, however, is, that it is your duty as well as your privilege to create about you always the atmosphere out of which social reform may spring.

It is for you constantly to insist that to modern problems we can apply the sturdy commonsense and the robust and virile humanitarianism of Dickens and that beside these the paltry peddlings and the futilities and fatuities of party politicians sink into insignificance.

Let us take up this side of our work and our faith in real earnest during the coming year. Then indeed, in that fine phrase which our Chairman has just used, shall we see 'the resurrection of the dead.' "

Mrs. Perugini in reply said :—

"To be elected President of the Dickens Fellowship for the coming year and to be called upon immediately after for an answer to Mr. Crotch's admirable speech, are two events which, however delightful in themselves, would try the nerves of anyone, I verily believe, but the most hardened after dinner speaker. Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, I am not hardened, nor a speaker, though a woman, and I confess to feeling a certain fear of my own voice, as being the one sound in all this world I least desire to listen to at the present moment ; unfortunately it has to be heard, that is, if I can make it heard in this big room, and I shall take comfort in the thought I am speaking to my father's friends who will forgive me, I am sure, if my voice is not all it should be, or if my words fail in being too many or too few ; that they might come ' trippingly on the tongue,' as Hamlet advised, would be my ambition were I in a normal frame of mind and had any choice in the matter, for I am most desirous of expressing in appropriate language the deep appreciation I feel of the very great honour conferred upon me by the Dickens Fellowship.

It has been known for a long time past to those interested in the subject, that the Dickens Fellowship is a constantly growing success, a fact which should be especially gratifying to the originators of the movement :—Mr. W. Walter Crotch, Mr. E. P. Haslam, and Mr. B. W. Matz. Little did those three Dickens lovers imagine, ten years ago, that in 1912 they and their fellow workers would be giving a dinner of welcome to the delegates of the provincial Branches of the Society, and that they would have the pleasure of celebrating with them the hundredth birthday of a man whose work they loved so well as to face not a little discouragement on his account, for when the Fellowship was started there were many people who believed it would have but a short life. Dickens's books will always be read, they said, what need of a fellowship to make them known ? Yet there was room for a Fellowship, and most nobly and disinterestedly have the members of the Society worked out their original intention ; where my father was not known there has he been introduced ; they having so assimilated his teaching as to transform by its aid many a dull home into households full of a new and wholesome interest, giving at the same time from their often scanty Charitable Guild the help so urgently needed by their poorer neighbours.

The same work done so bravely and modestly here, and all over this country, has met with equal success in America and the Colonies, where those connected with the Fellowship are no less thorough in their work and sincere in their enthusiasm than are our own members. There is no occasion for me to dwell upon the history of the Society however, for is it not contained in the charming Souvenir book written by Mr. Brookes Cross, in which are many interesting reminiscences and all information the reader may require ?

But, Ladies and Gentlemen, though the Dickens Fellowship has done so much for the public good, it has still more to accomplish and that it may travel far, very far, is the fervent hope of those who wish it well. The day may come perhaps, when my father's stories, like guiding stars, will lead directly to the works of other writers, some of

whose books might well be studied side by side with his own at the meetings held in London and in the provinces. It would be a very fitting thing, I think, were Charles Dickens to become godfather, as it were, to many clever men and women who left good work behind them but which, owing to some change in fashion or other slight cause is now too little remembered and too seldom read; and if the same relations could be established between himself and some modern authors, there would be one or two among them, may be, who would be grateful to his memory for saving his or her cherished volumes from a prematurely dusty shelf.

My father would have approved some such innovation I know, for his keen interest in literary matters increased rather than diminished as he grew older, and in truth he was not only the highly successful man of genius of whom you have heard so much, but remained to the end as he had been in his youth, an eager industrious writer, ardently loving his work and with warmest sympathy given to those who strove to attain a foothold on the unsteady ladder he had safely climbed."

A special toast to the Centenary of Charles Dickens was proposed by Mr. Alfred Ipsen, President of the Danish Dickens Committee, who said:—

"The poets with Kings enjoy their privilege. The poet's is to impress upon a whole people, a whole generation their view, their feeling of the things. By their power of imagination they bewitch them, make us see with their eyes, feel with their heart, create light where there was darkness or emptiness or indifference before; they burn their pictures into our memory, so that they become indelible, remain there for ever in the colour and the light in which they gave them. The poet holds up to our eyes a coloured glass—red, green or yellow—is it blue, we see everything blue. It is this which makes the poet so irresistible a conqueror in the spiritual world.

Dickens was such a sorcerer; he possessed their bewitching power to an exceptional degree. He has lent us his imagination, made us see with his eyes, so that we are compelled to see England through his glass. When we from the Continent or from the North come to England it is Dickens's England we come to. We expect to find his figures, his types, and we believe we shall see them at every street corner; we people all the streets and houses with them.

Dickens made England popular all over the world; he taught us to love his country—nowhere more so than with us in Denmark. We consider him as one of our own, he is read by all classes, all ages, sorts and conditions of men. We laugh, we weep, we smile with him; his great heart of humanity leaves no one unmoved.

By this it became possible to celebrate the Centenary of Charles Dickens in Denmark as it was done, as a national feast-day. The National Authors' Club took the lead and the whole nation followed. I don't know how many memorial feasts and celebrations and lectures there were given—great and small—all over the country; if I say one hundred it is rather too little than too much—none more than that which was celebrated at the Palace Hotel in Copenhagen with 600 persons present—all invited—and the King's representative among them. From first to last there was a rejoicing which might have been heard even to Gadshill and Tavistock Square, and yet the feast might have been repeated over and over again if only we had had it in our power to keep our volunteers, our musicians, our hundred singers,

soloists and choristers, but there it stopped—not for want of goodwill no, no !

It has been said recently, I think it was Mr. Matz, who uttered it, that there is a sort of unwritten freemasonry between those who love Charles Dickens. I think so too, and this freemasonry has one advantage over the other societies—in my opinion no little one—that it admits the ladies too. Ladies and Gentlemen, sisters and brothers of this lovely brotherhood, I beg to propose a toast to the Centenary and to the memory of Charles Dickens. Lord keep his memory green till his next Centenary, and further until humanity grows up to realise his deep and warm, rich and broad humanity, his bright and generous ideals.”

Mr. Tom Gallon, in proposing the toast of the Chairman, said :—

“Gilbert Keith Chesterton is really a very great man—not alone in a physical sense but to my mind in a purely literary one. I think it will be realised that my task to-night is an extremely difficult one. Hitherto it has been my fate to propose the toast of Literature, or to respond to it ; and when one has done that often one gets into the habit of using certain stock phrases. It did occur to me that in dealing with your Chairman I might adopt these stock phrases, because it seemed to me that Chesterton stood for literature, and Literature, in a sense, for Chesterton. Moreover, I had been assured by the misguided being who first lured me on to propose this toast that I should find your Chairman an easy and attractive subject. Attractive, I grant you ; easy, I indignantly deny. What stock phrases, for example, can you use about a man who is at once poet, essayist, philosopher and novelist ; what can you say about a man who, while yet himself a modern of moderns, is a fine lover of Dickens ; how are you to place a man who jumps easily from Browning to Charles Dickens, and from Charles Dickens to Bernard Shaw ?

During the past day or two I have added another to the sports and pastimes of the British People ; I have been Chesterton-Chasing. I have been hunting through various books of reference—following Chesterton—through frequent changes of address ; until I felt at last that I had got the man pinned down, as it were, and that I knew all about him. Judge of my dismay when I came across an advertisement of a book called ‘The Green Overcoat,’ illustrated by G. K. Chesterton. I hastened to buy that book.

I imagine that some of you have visited that gallery wherein are displayed certain Post-Impressionist works of art—Futurist things. If you have, you will know exactly what sort of illustrations have been perpetrated by your Chairman. I hear also that he has designs upon other books ; and I desire to warn him sternly to-night, before witnesses, that I shall instruct my publishers to have no dealings with him whatever. It has been whispered—but I give this as mere hearsay—that a Fugue in A Minor, by G.K.C. is presently to be performed at the Queen’s Hall, conducted by the Composer.

Whenever I think of your Chairman I am reminded of a story which may be new to some of you, of two ladies conversing in the East End. One of them had but recently lost her husband, and her friend had called to condole with her. ‘Well,’ said she, ‘I suppose yer ’usband is better off w’ere ’e is. I suppose by this time ’e’s smitin’ the ’arp with the angels—aint ’e ?’

‘I ain’t so sure abaht that,’ replied the widow. ‘If I know anythink

of 'ole Bill, 'e's much more likely to be smitin' the angels with the 'arp'

Now it always seems to me that Chesterton, in a sense, is smiting the angels with his harp. Self-appointed angels, who think that they know a great deal concerning various subjects of which they know nothing; and you may imagine your Chairman smiting them with that harp of strong commonsense and fine literature and high thinking. And to carry the Metaphor further, I think that harp always rings true. To be paradoxical, one may say that your Chairman is really always on the side of the angels.

When I think of his genial presence I am irresistibly reminded of the immortal Mrs. Fezziwig—"one vast substantial smile."

During the evening recitals were given by Mr. Frank Speaight and Mr. Wm. Miles, and songs by Miss Ethel M. Kemish and Mr. George Baker. Mr. Richard Tonking officiated at the piano.

INSPIRATION IN PAST AND PRESENT TIMES

By IDA LOUISE ROBERTS

THE study of the Bible is everywhere recommended now-a-days both as a model of literature in our English version, and for the light it throws on the human soul. All students admit that the sacred scriptures contain valuable lessons, such as are found in no other collection of writings.

Ancient history and biography simply get vividly told with a moral that he who runs may read, sublime prophecies, raising man's thoughts from the trifles of a day and the narrow limits of his own lifetime, to lofty and untrammelled regions, poetry expressing inimitably the hopes and fears of the human heart, and proverbs whose wisdom time has failed to tarnish.

Another truth is also I think apparent: the value of actuality. These makers of history, students and summers-up of biography, these poets, prophets and philosophers were men of various ranks and callings, wrote of the times in which they lived, of the men they had known, of the experiences through which they had passed. As it was in their day so in our own, men find inspiration in their own lives and surroundings. Some of us self-centred can never raise our eyes from our own plot of ground, but there are others thank God whom nothing that concerns humanity fails to interest. Injustice witnessed or endured, dreams of betterment conceived and struggled for, suffering borne by those dear to them, rousing the heart and firing the brain, find relief in expression by those with hearts to feel, and power to utter the sorrows and aspirations of the voiceless multitude. Prisoned and fettered activities long repressed, culminate in an outburst of appeal. In the divinely chosen advocate "the fire is kindled and at the last he speaks with his tongue," in words recognised by all as fit and necessary.

The long and cruel delays of the law, the ignorant and unfeeling disregard of the suffering of helpless childhood, oppressed manhood, and abandoned old age, the barriers to enlightenment and progress

raised or kept in place by those in power, these pictured with vivid pen by a young man lacking money, position and influence, effected in his own lifetime, remarkable, almost incredible reforms.

Public feeling was excited, doors opened, ears unsealed, eyes awakened, unjust laws thrown to the rubbish heap where they belonged. With a heart aflame for justice and fair play, a brain keenly alive to the need for and possibility of improvement, and a soul firmly set on using time and opportunities in relieving and comforting those in need, Charles Dickens used the magic wand entrusted to him, to bring about changes such as never perhaps before had been accomplished in so short a space of time.

Like the Master he faithfully and steadfastly followed, his eyes had marked, his ears had hearkened to, the misery and distress of his brethren; like him he had publicly rebuked both Scribe and Pharisee, and in language understood of all, in pictures of everyday occurrences, he drove home the lessons so urgently needed by his countrymen. Thus he helped to roll back the sea of oppressive custom and habit, thus he won for many entrance into a fairer land, a wider destiny, and for himself a never-dying name on the roll of inspired deliverers, a memory destined to outlive the fame of many a conqueror, to outshine the halo of many a saint.

He has blazed a path through the trackless forest of theories, which many have followed since, which many more will follow, to the profits of countless bodies and souls.

DICKENS BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

LAST year the story of "The Magic Fishbone," from *Holiday Romance*, was issued with some charming illustrations by S. Beatrice Pearse. This has been re-issued by Messrs. Constable in a series to be known as "The Orange Tree Series of Children's Books," to which have been added two other stories from *Holiday Romance*, entitled "The Trial of William Tinkling" and "Captain Boldheart and the Latin Grammar Master," illustrated in the same delightful manner, by the same artist. "The Story of Richard Doubledick" from *The Seven Poor Travellers*, and illustrated by W. B. Woollen, is another of the same series. There should be a great demand for each of these reprints, for no more suitable and acceptable present could be found for the young people at Christmas time. Each is published at one shilling net.

Great Expectations and *Nicholas Nickleby* are the two new volumes in Messrs. Jack's series of "Dickens for Boys and Girls." The stories are excellently retold in condensed and simple form for children, by Alice F. Jackson. The characters in the illustrations, however, are as unlike Dickens's people as could well be imagined, and the laudable object of the series will be completely nullified, if young readers are to be led to think that Dickens created such gross-looking characters as shown for the most part in these pages.

CHARLES DICKENS AND C. EDWARDS LESTER

By WILLIAM MILLER

IN speaking of Charles Edwards Lester's book "The Glory and Shame of England," Mr. W. Glyde Wilkins, in his article "English Notes for General Circulation" in last month's *Dickensian*, says: "There is quite a long letter to Washington Irving describing the author's visit to Charles Dickens, to whom he was given a letter of

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equipped Sikes ⁴⁰ propping the chair

"As I am, Dick," replied the young lady dis-
 posing of its contents "and tried enough ~~of~~
 of it, I am, too. The young hater been ill and
 confined to the crib, and —"

~~and~~ "Oh, my dear!" said Fagin
 looking up.

How a better a peculiar contraction of
~~the~~ red eye-brow and a half-closing
 of his deeply set eyes warned Mrs. Harvey
 that she was disposed to be too com-
 municative is not a matter of much
 importance. The fact is all we need
 care for ~~now~~ here, and the fact is
 that she suddenly checked herself, and
 with several pensive smiles upon her
 Sikes, turned the conversation upon
 other matters. In about ten minutes
 time, Mr. Fagin was seized with a
 fit of coughing, upon which Mrs. Harvey
 pulled her shawl ~~over~~ over her shoulders,
 and declared it was time ~~off~~ off. Mr. Sikes
~~and~~ hiding that he was ^{reaching} ~~leaving~~ ^{that} a part

MS. PAGE OF "OLIVER TWIST"

introduction by Thomas Campbell, the poet, and it is not improbable to suppose that a copy of the American author's book might have been sent to and read by the English author before the latter's first visit to the United States the year following the date of the book." There

is no doubt, in my opinion, that a copy of the American author's book was seen by Dickens before he wrote his "American Notes."

There was evidently some intimacy between the two authors, as the following will show. In "The Critic" for April 1903, there is an article by Carolyn Shipman, entitled "A Poet's Library," and describes the treasures in the library of Richard Henry Stoddard. One of these treasures is a page of the original manuscript of *Oliver Twist*, which was sent to Lester by Charles Dickens, together with the following accompanying letter:—

Devonshire Terrace,

Sunday, *July 19th*, 1840.

DEAR SIR,

As I have not the complete MS. of *Oliver* (I wish I had, as it would one day have an interest for my children), I am enabled to send you a scrap, in compliance with your request, and have much pleasure in doing so.

Pray make my regards to your lady, and give her from me the other little packet enclosed. It is the first specimen of the kind I have parted with—except to a hair-dresser—and will most likely be the last, for if I were to be liberal in this respect, my next portrait would certainly be that of a perfectly bald gentleman.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

To Charles Edwards Lester.

P.S.—I should tell you, perhaps as a kind of certificate of the *Oliver* scrap, that it is a portion of the original and only draught—I never copy.

The portion of the MS. of *Oliver* referred to and which is reproduced here, is a portion of Chapter XV., so even the fragment now in the Victoria and Albert Museum must be incomplete for that begins with the twelfth chapter, and ends with the sixth chapter of the third book.

This page was evidently sent by Dickens to Lester while the latter was still in London, but he would doubtless not have sent it had he known of the nature of the account of himself which Lester was going to publish immediately afterwards, for the letter to Washington Irving is dated July —, 1840.

But as to the book itself. An English edition was published by Bentley simultaneously with the edition published by Harper in America, and contains a preface dated "Ohio, October 1st, 1841." Dickens's attention must have been called thereto by a lengthy review of three columns in "The Examiner" for December 11th, 1841, which gave a long extract from the chapter on Dickens. It speaks of the work thus: "But its chief property is an exquisite badness of taste, and a violation of the confidences of social life, hardly surpassed by Mr. Willis himself." This article was evidently written by Dickens's friend, John Forster, who was then editor of "The Examiner."

DICKENS AND THE GERMAN EDITOR

AN EARLY LETTER FROM THE NOVELIST

THE following letter from Dickens which appeared in the *Zeitschrift für Bücherfreunde* will, we believe, be fresh to our readers. We are indebted to Mr. Max Freund for the text of it. The letter was written in 1838 to Dr. Küenzel, who had asked Dickens for a short biography of himself for a German Encyclopædia published by Brockhaus of Leipzig. Dr. Küenzel used the information furnished by the novelist in the first volume of "Brockhaus's Encyclopædia," pp. 1034-36, which was published in 1838.

DOUGHTY STREET,
Monday Evening.

MY DEAR SIR,

Pray keep the English authors as long as you please. I only wish the collection were a more comprehensive and interesting one.

I am ashamed to confess that, in the hurry of many engagements, I have quite forgotten your request. That I may forget it no longer, I will tell you "all I know" at once.

I was born at Portsmouth, an English seaport town, principally remarkable for mud, Jews, and sailors, on the 7th of February, 1812. My father holding in those days a situation under Government in the Navy Pay Office, which called him in the discharge of his duty to different places, I came to London a child of two years old, left it again at six, and then left it again for another seaport town—Chatham, where I remained some six or seven years, and then came back to London with my parents and half-a-dozen brothers and sisters, whereof I was second in seniority.

I had begun an irregular rambling education under a clergyman at Chatham, and I finished it at a good school in London—tolerably early, for my father was not a rich man, and I had to begin the world. So I began it in a lawyer's office—which is a very little world, and a very dull one—and leaving it at the expiration of two years, devoted myself for some time to the acquirement of such general literature as I could pick up in the Library of the British Museum—and to the study of shorthand, with a view to trying what I could do as a reporter—not for the newspapers, but legal authorities in our Ecclesiastical Courts. I was very successful in this pursuit—was induced to join the *Mirror of Parliament*, a publication which was at that time devoted solely to the debates—and afterwards to attach myself to the *Morning Chronicle*, where I remained until the four or five first numbers of the *Pickwick Papers* had appeared, and in the columns of which journal most of my shorter sketches were originally published. Some few appeared in the old *Monthly Magazine*. I may tell you that I was considered very remarkable at the *Chronicle*, for an extraordinary facility in writing and so forth—that I was very liberally paid during my whole connection with the paper, and that when I quitted it, *Pickwick* was rapidly approaching the zenith of its fame and popularity.*

The rest of my career up to this time, you know. I may add for

* The Sketches, I should have told you, had been previously collected and published with amazing success, and have since gone through many editions.

your guidance in any little notes you may throw together of my "Life and Adventures," that I was a great reader as a child, being well versed in most of our English novelists before I was ten years old; that I wrote tragedies and got other children to act them; that I won prizes at school; and great fame; that I am positively assured I was a very clever boy; that I am now married to the eldest daughter of Mr. Hogarth, of Edinburgh, a gentleman who has published two well-known works on music, and was a great friend and companion of Sir Walter Scott's; and that, being now in my twenty-seventh year, I hope, with God's blessing, to retain my health, spirits, fancy and perseverance (such as they are) for many years to come.

As to my means of observation, they have been pretty extensive. I have been abroad in the world from a mere child, and have lived in London, and travelled by fits and starts through a great part of England, a little of Scotland, and less of France, with my eyes open. Heaven send that some kind wind may ere long blow me to Germany!

There—I have said more about myself in this one note than I should venture to say elsewhere in twenty years. If you can make anything of such a jumble of matter, and—more than all—interest anybody in it, your ability, my dear Sir, will have exalted your subject.

Believe me,

Very truly yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

Dr. Küenzel.

If it be any consolation to the German ladies to know that I have two children, pray tell them so.

POETICAL TRIBUTES TO CHARLES DICKENS

XCV

ON SOME OF HIS WOMEN CHARACTERS

IN Dickens's pages faithful little Nell
 Contrasts with fickle Dolly Varden well;
 Proud scornful Edith Grainger sells her beauty
 For gold, as if she owed her aunt this duty;
 Industrious Jenny Wren delights in dreams
 Of Heaven, while angry Tattycoram screams;
 Madame Defarge sits, vengeful, at her post,
 To count the heads that fall she makes her boast;
 We see th' affected Lady Tippins sigh,
 And "spitfire" Nipper Dombey père defy;
 Note kindly Little Dorrit doing good,
 And ever-watchful Pleasant Riderhood;
 While pretty Bella Wilfer with "John Rokesmith" walks,
 We yawn at gushing Flora Finching's breathless talks.

J. MURRAY MOORE, M.D.

February 1912.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MEREDITH AND DICKENS

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—In looking through your last number of *The Dickensian* my attention was drawn to a notice on a book of excerpts, written by Mr. W. H. Helm, in which that gentleman is reported to have said, "there is more intellect in any one of Meredith's novels than in the whole work of Dickens." Had Mr. Helm allowed his passage to run thus :—"There is more intellect, though less genius, perhaps, in the novels of Meredith than in those of Dickens," he would have been nearer the mark, for if we remember that the word "intellect" means, among other definitions, the faculty of thinking, we should not forget that genius—such genius as Dickens possessed—conveys to most minds the idea of creative force in thinking: a gift which shares with life itself a direct appeal to our understandings through the amazing power of its self-expression.

I beg to remain,

Your constant reader,

N. P.

October 1912.

AT THE CANAL, BIRMINGHAM

SIR,—With reference to your remark on page 278, my copy of *Pickwick* has two chapters numbered XXVIII., the second of which in the table of "Contents," is entered as Chapter XVIII.* (*sic.*). The plate by Buss of the Cricket Match faces page 69. There is an Errata page last of all. My father took the parts as they were published, and my copy consists of his parts bound up. I remember his telling me how he and others used to wait for the London Coach arriving with the new *Pickwick* as it appeared from time to time in a remote Cornish town, and of the eagerness with which each fresh consignment was read and discussed.

My volume has two title-pages, both dated 1837, in one of which the title is "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club," and in the other "The Pickwick Papers." The latter bears the drawing by "Phiz" of Stiggins and the water trough. The former is unillustrated.

Yours faithfully,

WILMOT CORFIELD.

27 Longton Grove, Sydenham, 2nd October, 1912.

THE GUY FAWKES MELODY

SIR,—The writer of "Guy Fawkes," as enquired about by Mr. John T. Page, was a Mr. Thomas Hudson, a writer of songs of unique drollery, and of a very taking character. The tune it went to—the "Bow, wow, wow," or "Fol di rol tooral heigh" chorus, was very popular seventy and more years ago, and very many songs were voiced to the melody. The songs of Dickens's youth continued as his popular songs throughout his life, for one finds many of them recurrently mentioned in his books over his thirty or more years of writing. He may not name this "Guy Fawkes" as a song in any of his books, I certainly cannot recall his having done so, but in 1864 he names the "Bow wow, wow" chorus in

the fourth chapter of *Our Mutual Friend*. He playfully writes that Reginald Wilfer being shy, and mostly signing himself merely R. Wilfer, his friends gave him all sorts of R names, one particular convivial gentleman bestowing upon him the name of Runtty after the following social chorus:—

Runtty, iddity, row dow row,
Sing toodlely, teedlely, bow, wow, wow.

This was one of the forms of a "Bow, wow, wow" chorus to be found attached to old songs, there being many variations according to the metre of the songs. We thus have Dickens at fifty-two years of age recalling in his writings a chorus older than himself, and one he had perhaps heard and acquired in his infancy. And there is little doubt that during his thirty years of authorship he threw many of his household gods of songs, airs and ditties into his works. And it is pleasant to think of him at home as a combined Swiveller-cum-Cuttle-cum-Wegg trolling the old airs with droll variations, and in a rollicking way to his children, and grandchildren. And in chapter seven of *Our Mutual Friend*, he may have introduced another of his little home-gods into the work where he instanced, as in the shop window of Venus, two frog figures fighting a small-sword duel. After Dickens died, and when Fildes sketched the library and vacant chair, there on the desk in front of where Dickens was accustomed to write, was a model of the frogs in combat! And there it continues in Fildes's picture.

I have half-a-dozen of Hudson's songs, and each one has unique yarns in them. In "Singing made Easy and Hullah-Baloo" he has a cut at Hullah, the composer who set Dickens's Village Coquettes to music.

Mechanics their attics they leave for chromatics,
And become operatics in Hullah-baloo.
So here's to the masses of musical classes,
Hurrah for the million and Hullah-ba-loo!

In the song of "Jealousy" in which Fairchild, a purser,

A dark and dingy man
Had sailed on board of a Hin-gy-man,

and well knew his way from Gravesend to Bengal and back again, marries, and is jealous.

A Mr. White being a great bore to him,
Occupying first floor and parlour next door to him.

Fairchild writes him—

Sir, you shall rue by all,
If you mar my love connub-i-al.

The wife cries, blubbers and shows her adoration of her husband, and he kicked all jealousy out of himself by proceeding—

In such a stiff high way,
To kick his rival from Limehouse all up Ratcliff Highway.

In the "Parson's Clerk" one, J. J. Twight, at a house of prayer near Moorfields, was

A man who sang so sweet and clear,
The hymns for £20 a year—The Parson's Clerk.

"One of the congregation died, leaving his widow wealthy, and she
 On Sundays to the chapel hied,
 In hopes—to wed again ;
 The flesh did the spirit sore assail ;
 She pray'd that her prayers might avail,
 And sang as sweet as a nightingale—
 Or a lark.
 She looked as meek as any dove,
 Thought love-feasts were feasts of love,
 Turn'd her eyes on heaven above—
 And the parson's clerk !

They married, Twight went the pace, but enquiry revealed he had also three other wives, and all alive.

He served three years in Clerkenwell,
 And then, quite fresh came out ;
 His wives were gone—he knew not where,
 And, what was more, he did not care ;
 He wanted a trade—the wind was fair—
 To embark.
 For gospel grace his bowels yearn'd,
 He had a call, and it was not spurn'd,
 And now a Methodist parson turn'd—
 Is this parson's clerk !

Such were Hudson's songs of Dickens's early days, be they good, bad, or indifferent, but containing much taking humour. "Blarney Brallaghan's Courtship," and "Follow the Drum," are two others of his songs.

Yours truly,

J. S. P. GROVE.

October 3rd, 1912.

SIR,—In response to Mr. Page's enquiry, I may say the song of "Guy Fawkes," which Dickens evidently so delighted his children with, was written by a Mr. T. Hudson, and my knowledge of the authorship arises as follows :—A song called the "Cockney Sportsmen," which I have a copy of, was sung—in the early Pickwickian days, and perhaps earlier—to the melody of "Bow, wow, wow," as inscribed at the heading. Accompanying the words of the song, is the air of the music. Then follow the words of the two songs—"Railroads now are all the go," and "Guy Fawkes," both being sung, it is stated, to the same melody, the words of the latter being also recorded as by T. Hudson. I have had the song of "Cockney Sportsmen" for some time amongst Dickensæ as being illustrative of what *Pickwick* in its procedure might have been had Dickens closely followed suggestions made to him when asked to write the Papers. Readers will recall how the three or four Pickwickians went at first afield, and had adventures with horse and gun, and it will also be remembered that the cover of the early monthly numbers of the work was a sporting one. But Dickens soon developed the book into the immortal form in which it exists, and the sparrow shooting as depicted on the early cover is left there. In the "Cockney Sportsmen," the verses are supposed to be the memoranda of three London sportsmen who shot at sparrows, and otherwise

had adventures around the city, which at night they reported to their club. The song is in idea—and in that alone—a miniature *Pickwick Papers* in common verse. The words and music are as follows:—

COCKNEY SPORTSMEN.

To the Melody 'Bow, wow, wow.'

Vivace

Come, list-en neigh-bours all for I wish you to re-mem-ber. What
hap-pen'd to three cock-neys on the first of last Sep-tem-ber; It qual-li-fied to
shoot you may then go tell your gran-dam;—I had it pi-ping hot from a
cockney's me-mo-ran-dum. *Chorus* Fol lol di lol, fol lol di id-dy id-dy id-dy; fol lol di lol.

Friday, first September, at Blackfriars met like shrewd cocks;
From the mills to Webber Row beat about for snipes and woodcocks;
Took aim at seven sparrows, that were flying off to shirk us,
And hit a sandman's donkey that was trotting by the circus.

Fol, lol, de iddy, etc.

In a ditch at Brixton Causeway, heard a queerish kind of chuckle,
Beat a bramble-bush for snipe, hit a gipsy on the knuckle;
Took aim at something on the wing, who wish'd it had been safer—
We thought it a cock pheasant, but we found it a cock chafer.

Fol, lol, de iddy, etc.

At Stockwell met some boar pigs, tried a bait to trap 'em;
Pigs squeaked, and ran away, met with better sport at Clapham;
For opposite the seminary Whiggins keeps his daughter at,
Shot what we thought a hare, but it proved to be a water rat.

Fol, lol, de iddy, etc.

Lock rusty—rubb'd it clean with a little bit of flannel,
Miss'd a drove of Norfolk turkeys, but contriv'd to hit a spaniel;
At Wandsworth broke a ramrod, got it mended by a farrier,
And lodged a random shot in the left leg of a terrier.

Fol, lol, de iddy, etc.

Took snack at Balham Hill, then took again to shooting,
Let fly at all we met till we came to Lower Tooting:
All three took aim to kill a cat, that on a shed was lying,
But hit a paper kite that a little boy was flying.

Fol, lol, de iddy, etc.

Tried to shut left eye, but couldn't do't for winking,
Let fly at a chaffinch, that on a cart was thinking;
The shot it rattled round the leather apron of the carter,
Who frightened us by roaring, "Hollo! what the devil are you arter?"

Fol, lol, de iddy, etc.

Met a lad with bag of game—bid five shillings for 'em—got 'em ;
 Brought them safe to London Bridge, and meant to swear we'd shot 'em,
 But when the bag was opened, what d'ye think there was within it ?
 A horse's hoof, a crow, a pole-cat, and a linnet.
 Fol, lol, de iddy, etc.

At night went up to sup with the club at Billy Beazant's,
 And told 'em lots of lies 'bout bagging lots of pheasants ;
 So it is no fault of mine, if they do not well remember,
 What happen'd to three cockneys on the first of last September.
 Fol, lol, de iddy, etc.

It is interesting that the two songs "Cockney Sportsmen" and "Guy Fawkes" should go to the same tune. Dickens in all probability knew of both songs, and as is now known, he sang the latter to his children, may he not have also at other times treated them to the former ?

Yours truly,

JOHN SUDDABY.

October 13th, 1912.

P.S.—A cheap edition of songs of about seventy years ago gives Z. T. Purday, Holborn, London, as the publisher of "Guy Fawkes," and music. T. E. Purday, St. Paul's Churchyard, also published one or more of T. Hudson's songs.

THE LATE R. M. MORRELL, FOUNDER OF THE NATIONAL SUNDAY LEAGUE

SIR,—The recent death of Mr. R. M. Morrell, the founder of the National Sunday League, reminds us that another association with the life and times of Charles Dickens has passed away. This wise and far-sighted man, all honour to him, had a long and arduous struggle against the forces of narrow-mindedness and bigotry, in order to substitute a rational and sensible Sunday, in place of the day of gloom and hypocrisy which had been inflicted upon this country by the advocates of a ferocious Puritanical creed, which was so rampant in the early and mid-Victorian era.

It may not be common knowledge to all Dickensians that Mr. Morrell was fortunate enough to secure the powerful advocacy of Charles Dickens to assist him in his admirable work, so again we possess another proof that not only in his published works, but in his daily life, Dickens was ever in the front rank of those true patriots who endeavoured to brighten, and consequently better, the lives of their fellow-countrymen.

Those of us whose childhood and youth were unfortunately subjected to the more extreme forms of Puritanism and Sabbatarianism, some of us possibly Dickens lovers in consequence, and whose natures rebelled against the recurring horror of the Evangelical Sunday, have especial cause to be thankful that the man whose genius and memory we worship helped to create a far different era for our children than that in which some of our lives were soured, and our memories embittered.

As a natural consequence, the action of these pioneers brought upon their devoted heads the virulent abuse and condemnation of the intolerant portion of the community, in Mr. Morrell's case even to the extent of actual assaults upon his person.

What a change from the days—not so many years ago—when Dickens's works were branded as bad books out of Nonconformist pulpits, to the present time when his writings are quoted and recited by the ministers of the same denominations!

Yours faithfully,

S. D. NEWTON.

Cleethorpes, October 7th, 1912.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

BRIGHTON.—The business meeting of the Branch was held on 21st September, 1912. A satisfactory statement was presented. The Needlework Guild has not only made and given away many useful garments to the special school for the afflicted, but has also been able to send gifts to children in the Sanatorium and to the distressed poor at Norwich. Mr. Henry Davey, who has been President of the Branch for seven years, has now retired. Alderman Geere has accepted the office. On 12th October, the Branch opened its Session with a successful social meeting. Alderman Geere, the newly-elected President, took the chair, and gave a eulogy of the great Novelist. Miss Alice Haile gave a recital, "The Courtship of Mr. Moddle." Miss Greaves followed with a selection from *Barnaby Rudge*. After an interval for refreshments, a dramatic scene from *Martin Chuzzlewit* was presented by Miss Russell Davies, Miss Alice Haile, Mrs. Sharman, and Mr. F. J. Gauntlett, Mr. Wilfred Davey, and Mr. "A. N. Other." The scene was the sitting at Mrs. Tegers. The actors received a hearty recall at the close of the scene. The Chairman proposed a vote of thanks to all who had taken part in the entertainment, and to the ladies who had provided the refreshments.

BRISTOL.—On October 2nd the Bristol and Clifton Dickens Society held the general meeting to commence the coming session. There was a large attendance present at the new headquarters, the Queen's Hotel. Mr. Down (Hon. Secretary) gave particulars of the work done by the society during the last session. There had been crowded attendances at all meetings, and the varied programmes had given universal satisfaction. The services of the members in giving readings, recitals, and sketches on behalf of different charities had been successful in raising over £100. He regretted that through business pressure and ill-health he was forced to resign the post of secretary, to which position Mr. Sam Tucker was unanimously elected, on the proposition of Mr. Down. Mr. Giddings (Hon. Treasurer) brought forward an exceedingly satisfactory balance sheet. Mr. Giddings was re-elected Treasurer, and was made a life-member in recognition of his services. Mr. A. J. Tonkin, founder and Vice-President, was elected to succeed Prof. R. P. Cowl, M.A., as President. On October 16th, the Revd. A. N. Blatchford opened the winter session proper with a lecture entitled "The Spirit of Charles Dickens," before a crowded audience. A very successful session is anticipated, the syllabus containing many interesting items, among which will be evenings devoted to *Hard Times*, *Great Expectations*, *Pickwick Papers*, and the Christmas Books.

FOREST GATE.—A social evening on October 3rd, opened the session. Mr. Webb presided. The varied programme comprised vocal and instrumental music, rendered by Miss Saunders, Mrs. Edson, Miss H. Barr, Mr. P. Barr, and Messrs. F. and A. Boerce, and recitals from Dickens by Miss R. Noakes and Mr. Sweet. A sketch, "Fanny Squeers' Tea Party," adapted by Miss I. Niedermann, was well acted by Miss Niedermann, Miss McClean, Mr. Will Sturgeon and "A. N. Other."

GLOUCESTER.—The resumption of the meetings of this branch had been looked forward to with pleasurable anticipation by the members, and at the annual meeting on October 2nd, there was a crowded attendance. Upwards of forty new members were accepted—a fact showing the popularity the Fellowship has attained in the old city. The annual report and statement of accounts were read by Mr. J. Richings, the Hon. Secretary, and on the proposition of Mr. H. Godwin Chance, seconded by the Mayor, the same were adopted. Votes of thanks were accorded the retiring President (Mr. Chas. Fox), the Committee and Hon. Secretary, and Mr. J. W. Barnett, of Highmead, Tuxley, was unanimously elected President for the ensuing session. The book for consideration during the winter is *Our Mutual Friend*, which was introduced by Mr. C. Fox, after which Miss Tabram gave a capital reading of the mirror-reflected famous dinner party of the Veneering family. The remainder of the evening was devoted to social intercourse, light refreshments being served.

HATFIELD.—The new branch founded at Hatfield on 25th September last has started with a flourish. The large Committee Room of the public Hall was crowded with an appreciative audience who listened to an address by Mr. T. J. Woodrow, Chairman of the London Branch, on the journeyings of Bill Sikes through Hatfield after the murder of Nancy, and including the dramatic visit of Bill and his dog to the little public house where the pedlar offered to rub out his blood spots. Following the address it was unanimously agreed to form a new "Hatfield and District Branch," which was the name adopted. The Marquess of Salisbury having consented to act as President, a strong Committee was formed with Mr. H. W. Hope, of Ludwick, who is an authority on Dickens, as Chairman. Mr. James Couch, of Roe Hyde, Hatfield, acts as Honorary Treasurer, and Mr. Edmund Woodrow, of Williotts, Potters Bar, as Honorary Secretary. As the name of the new branch implies, it is not intended to restrict the membership to Hatfield and accordingly names have been given in from St. Albans, South Mimms, Potters Bar and Barnet.

HULL.—The branch opened its eighth session with a social evening on October 4th, in the Owen Hall. The programme, arranged by the President, Mr. T. H. Leahair, was much enjoyed by a large company of nearly two hundred members and friends. The President, after a few introductory remarks, made reference to the loss the branch had sustained in losing two such staunch supporters as Mr. H. B. Browne, M.A. (now of Morley), and Mr. G. E. Tindal, who has removed to London. The Apollo Glee Singers met with hearty appreciation, and Mr. Oscar S. Penn gave a very clever exhibition of legerdemain. The rest of the programme was sustained by Hull Dickensians. Miss Blanche Watson recited two pleasing little poems composed by her sister, Miss Eleanor Watson. Miss Ruby Roberts gave "Sam Weller's First Appearance," and Mr. A. P. Haigh gave "Bob Sawyer's Party." Miss Gertrude Watson, L.R.A.M., who accompanied throughout the

evening, gave a pianoforte solo of her own composition. A short and diverting sketch was given in which Mrs. Elsom, Miss Hall, Miss Folkard and Mr. F. J. Popham skilfully played their parts. During the evening messages of congratulation were received from two former Presidents, Mr. F. Bacon and Mr. G. E. Tindal, who were representing the Hull Branch at the Annual Conference in London.

LIVERPOOL.—The first meeting of the session took place at the Royal Institute, on October 9th. The President, Mr. Edgar Browne, on behalf of a number of the ladies, handed to Mrs. Bell, the Hon. Treasurer, a number of tastefully dressed dolls, as a preliminary contribution to the Jenny Wren Society, and a little surprise offering. Mr. Albert T. Wray, gave a most interesting lecture on "Dickens and his Prototypes." Mr. Wray briefly traced the great writer's early career, and gave numerous instances of the wonderful manner in which he portrayed his characters, and the living sources from which they were derived.

LONDON.—The new branch commenced its first series of meetings on October 9th, at Clifford's Inn Hall, which was packed to its full capacity. Mr. Arthur Waugh, who presided, opened the meeting with a short congratulatory speech, after which the business of the evening was proceeded with. Mr. B. W. Matz was elected President of the new branch amid acclamation. A few short rules drawn up for the guidance of the executive of the branch were formally adopted, and Mr. Frank Speaight then took the platform, which he occupied for nearly two hours with various "Dickensian" recitals. From the delineation of Mrs. Raddle and Bob Sawyer to that of the Grandfather and Little Nell, and from Master Harry Walmers to Uriah Heep and Micawber was no mean task, and Mr. Speaight passed from one to the other with his accustomed ease. It would be untrue to say that all his characterisations were of equal merit, and one or two suffered by comparison with many which were of conspicuous excellence. At the end of each recital, Mr. Speaight was greeted with long and hearty rounds of applause. A vote of thanks to Mr. Speaight and another to Mr. Waugh were duly proposed and passed with the utmost heartiness. The meeting was honoured by the presence of Mrs. Perugini, the Fellowship's new President for 1912-13, and of Miss Kathleen and Miss Violet Dickens, daughters of the late Mr. Alfred Tennyson Dickens.

MANCHESTER.—On 4th October, the opening meeting took the form of a social, at the usual meeting place. Mr. Guppy, the President, presided, and gave some interesting reminiscences of school-boy days, when he and his school-mates delighted in visiting the alleys and arch-ways, and the haunts made famous by Dickens, and in conclusion expressed his great pleasure in being the President of the branch. After the President's Address, the Altior Singers opened the musical part of the programme with a glee. Miss Lees gave a very fine rendering of Liddle's "Abide with Me," and Mr. Fred Wilkinson delighted the audience with a recital of "Horatio Sparkins." Altogether, the programme was a great success.

SHEFFIELD.—The branch opened its winter session with a successful conversazione, in Cutler's Hall. The attendance numbered close upon three hundred, and new members were added to the roll. During the evening a very enjoyable entertainment was provided, chiefly by the members of the Dramatic Society, who acted two

sketches, both dramatised by Miss Helen Roberts, one entitled "Moved on; or, the Death of Jo," in which Miss Roberts took the part of "Poor Jo," and Mr. Dyson that of "Dr. Woodcourt," the other from *David Copperfield*, with Miss Roberts as "Dora," and Mr. Sidney Seed as "David." Variety was given to the programme by musical items and recitals by Miss G. Parker Machon, Miss Clara Godfrey, Mr. Sidney Seed, and Mrs. W. F. Bagnall, who also gave an account of the delegates' visit to "Conference." Mention must be made of some excellent "Dickens's Studies" by Mr. A. Mill, introducing "Grandfather Smallweed," "Nell's Grandfather," and "Sam Weller."

WINNIPEG.—The annual meeting was held last month in Manitoba College, over which Professor A. W. Crawford presided and delivered his presidential address. Officers were elected, and the Secretary's report adopted. The second part of the evening was occupied with a splendid exhibition of lantern slides and described by Professor Crawford and the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Gerald Wade. The Duke of Connaught fills the position of honorary patron to the Branch.

CITY PICKWICK CLUB.—The members having recently returned from their annual coaching tour, which this year included Cheltenham, Gloucester, Tewkesbury, Worcester, Evesham, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick, Leamington, Banbury, Buckingham, Aylesbury and Oxford, met for their first club dinner at their headquarters, "The George and Vulture," on October 14th, with their President, Samuel Pickwick, Esquire (Alderman James Roll), in the chair. Everything was in keeping with the traditions of the club, and its famous predecessors. Throughout the evening good humour and good fellowship prevailed, and, thanks to Serjeant Buzfuz (Mr. Secretary Goodwin), the members and their guests enjoyed themselves in real Pickwickian style. Had the guests an opportunity, they might have expressed their appreciation in Sam Weller's well-known phrase: "Very much obliged to you, old fellers, for this here compliment: which, coming from such a quarter, is very overvelmin. I've heard a good deal on you as a body, but I will say that. I never thought you was sich uncommon nice men as I find you air."

DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

BOOKS.

The Problem of Edwin Drood: a Story of the Methods of Dickens, by W. Robertson Nicholl. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 3s. 6d. net.

The Story of Richard Doubledick, by Charles Dickens. Illustrated by W. B. Wollen, R.I. London: Constable and Co. 1s. net.

The Trial of William Tinkling; Captain Boldheart and the Latin-Grammar-Master; The Magic Fishbone. Three stories from Dickens's "Holiday Romance." Illustrated in colour and black and white. London: Constable and Co. 1s. net.

Great Expectations; Nicholas Nickleby. Retold for children, by Alice F. Jackson. Illustrated in colour by F. M. B. Blaikie. London: T. C. and E. C. Jack. 1s. 6d. net each.

Gone Astray, by Charles Dickens, with an introduction by B. W. Matz. Fully Illustrated. London: Chapman and Hall, Ltd. Cr. 8vo. 1s. net.

John Forster and his Friendship, by Richard Renton. Illustrated. London: Chapman and Hall, Ltd. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER ARTICLES.

"The Enlisting of Barnaby" (Political Cartoons, by F. C. G.) *Westminster Gazette*, September 24th.

"Dombey and Son." *Schoolmistress*, September 26th.

"The Story and Romance of Shorthand" (References to Dickens and Pictures). *Strand Magazine*, October.

"Charles Dickens: His Life and Work." By Gordon Symonds. *The Shop Assistant*, September 28th and October 5th.

"Clergymen appear in Dickensian Characters at Welsh Pageant" (Pontypool). *Daily Sketch*. Illustrated. October 8th.

"Charles Dickens and Tooting." By B. W. Matz. *Wandsworth Boro' News*, October 5th, 12th, 19th.

"Charles Dickens, Magician." *The Magic Wand*, October.

"John Forster: Charles Dickens's Biographer." *Great Thoughts*, October 19th.

DIARY OF DICKENS MEETINGS

. NOVEMBER

1. Manchester: "Don Quixote, Mr. Pickwick, and their henchmen," by Mr. Lawrence Clay, at Milton Buildings, at 7-30.
Birmingham: "Dickens and Single Ladies," by Mr. G. W. Davis, at Gt. Western Hotel, at 7-30.
2. Brighton: "An Evening with *Nicholas Nickleby*," by Mr. Henry Davey.
4. Stockport: "Barnaby Rudge," by Mr. W. Barratt, at Stockport Sunday School, at 8.
5. London: Lantern Lecture: "Round about Rochester with Charles Dickens," by Mr. Augustus Ovey, at Clifford's Inn Hall, at 8.
6. Liverpool: "Books that impressed and influenced my Childhood," by Mrs. Spencer Yates, at Royal Institution, at 8.
Hatfield: Lantern Lecture "Dickens the man and His Work," by Mr. Walter Dexter.
8. Sheffield: Debate: *Barnaby Rudge*, organised by Mr. P. Keeton, at Cutlers' Hall, at 8 o'clock.
11. Plymouth: Paper: *Dombey & Son*, by Mr. A. R. Rugg Monk, J.P.
13. West London: Reading, *Old Curiosity Shop*, at Lecture Hall, Ealing, at 8 o'clock.
14. Forest Gate: Recital by Mr. John Tosceine, at Earham Hall.
Winnipeg: Meeting at 8-15.
15. Birmingham: "Education then and now," by Miss S. Margery Fry, M.A., and Recital by Miss Bocker, at the Great Western Hotel, at 7-30.
20. Liverpool: Members' Evening, arranged by Mrs. Tuke. Papers and Discussion, at Royal Institution, at 8.
25. Plymouth: Members' Evening.
27. Forest Gate: Reading Circle, at Earham Hall.



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SNITCHEY AND CRAGGS.

Drawn for *The Dickensian* by Monroe S. Orr.

"Their special council-chamber and hall of conference was an old back room upstairs, with a low, dark ceiling . . . a framed print of a great judge in it, every curl on whose dreadful wig had made a man's hair stand on end. . . . Messrs. Snitchey and Craggs sat opposite each other at a neighbouring desk. One of the fireproof boxes, unpadlocked and opened, was upon it; a part of its contents lay strewn upon the table, and the rest was then in course of passing through the hands of Mr. Snitchey; who brought it to the candle, document by document; looked at every paper singly as he produced it; shook his head, and handed it to Mr. Craggs, who looked it over also, shook his head, and laid it down."—*The Battle of Life*, part ii.